

GENE AUTRY

COMICS

A FAWCETT MAGAZINE

10¢

JULY
No. 9



NOTICE

TO ALL BOYS AND GIRLS

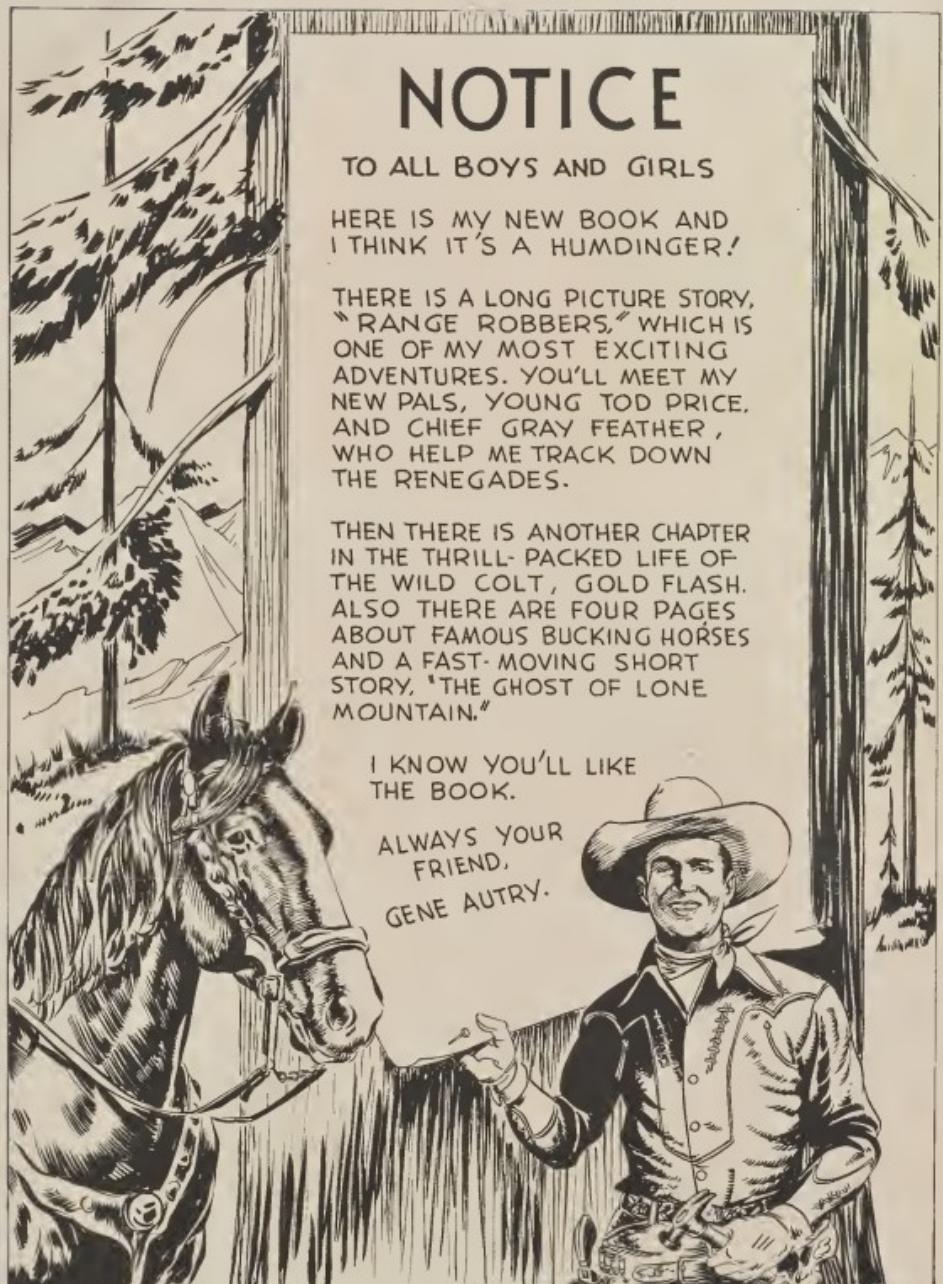
HERE IS MY NEW BOOK AND
I THINK IT'S A HUMDINGER!

THERE IS A LONG PICTURE STORY,
"RANGE ROBBERS," WHICH IS
ONE OF MY MOST EXCITING
ADVENTURES. YOU'LL MEET MY
NEW PALS, YOUNG TOD PRICE,
AND CHIEF GRAY FEATHER,
WHO HELP ME TRACK DOWN
THE RENEGADES.

THEN THERE IS ANOTHER CHAPTER
IN THE THRILL-PACKED LIFE OF
THE WILD COLT, GOLD FLASH.
ALSO THERE ARE FOUR PAGES
ABOUT FAMOUS BUCKING HORSES
AND A FAST-MOVING SHORT
STORY, "THE GHOST OF LONE
MOUNTAIN."

I KNOW YOU'LL LIKE
THE BOOK.

ALWAYS YOUR
FRIEND,
GENE AUTRY.



Vol. 2, No. 9. July, 1943

GENE AUTRY COMICS is published bi-monthly by Fowcett Publications, Inc., at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. W. H. Fowcett, Jr., President; Roger K. Fowcett, Vice-President; Allen E. Norman, Secretary; Gordon Fowcett, Treasurer; Elliott D. Odell, Advertising Director; Roscoe K. Fowcett, Circulation Director; Ralph Daigh, Editorial Director; Al Allard, Art Director. Entered as second-class matter August 5, 1942 at the Post Office at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1943 by Gene Autry. Reprinting in whole or part forbidden except by permission of the copyright owner. Subscription rate 12 issues for \$1.00 in United States and possessions; foreign subscriptions \$1.50 issued for \$2.00. Subscription offices: 22 W. Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn. Complimentary subscriptions not accepted. Single copy 10 cents. Editorial offices: 1501 Broadway, New York City. Advertising offices: New York, 1501 Broadway; Chicago, 360 N. Michigan Ave.; Los Angeles Simpson-Reilly, Garfield Blvd.; San Francisco, Simpson-Reilly, 1014 Russ Bldg. General offices: Fowcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. Printed in U. S. A.

GENE AUTRY

in

"RANGE ROBBERS"

SMOKE, CHAMP!
AN' IT'S NOT A
CAMPER'S FIRE!





IF YOU AINT TRYIN'
TO ROB OUTA THE
ASHES, WHAT ARE
YOU DOIN' HERE?

LOWER THAT
SHOOTIN' IRON
A MITE, AN'
I'LL TELL YOU.



MY NAME'S GENE AUTRY.
AN' I WAS HEADIN' FOR
THE DIAMOND-T TO SEE
AN OLD FRIEND O' MINE....



CHAMP AN' I SPOTTED
THE SMOKE AN' CAME
A-FLYIN' TO HELP!



IF I WAS SET ON LOOTIN'
I WOULDN'T COME SO OPEN-
LIKE, WOULD I?



I RECKON NOT, AN'
I'M SORRY-FOR
ACTIN' SUSPICIOUS/
MY NAME'S TOD
PRICE!

WHAT'S WRONG, SON?
ARE YOU HURT?



I'M HUNGRY, TOO--
THE FIRE BURNED
UP ALL THE FOOD

JUST LIE
QUIET! YOU'LL
BE ALL RIGHT
'IN NO TIME!



THEY FOULED THE
WELL SO'S I DIDN'T
DAST TAKE A DRINK!

QUIT TALKIN'-
AN' FILL UP!



FEEL LIKE TALKIN'
NOW, TOD?

YES SIR,
I'M LOTS
BETTER.



SPOSE YOU START
BY TELLIN' ME
WHERE YOUR
FOLKS'VE GONE!

THE INJUNS TOOK MY
POP OFF WITH 'EM. AN'
MOM--MOM'S OVER THERE
--BY THE COTTONWOODS



IT WAS THE SMOKE...
SHE DIED JUST AFORE
SUN-UP --



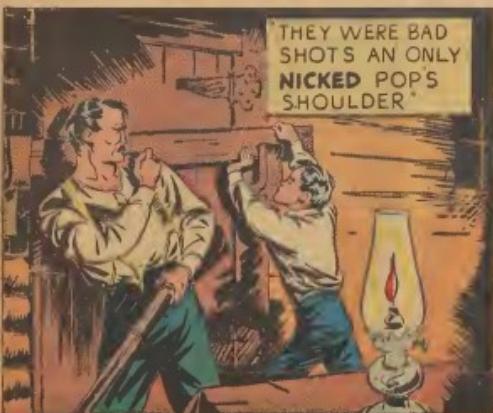
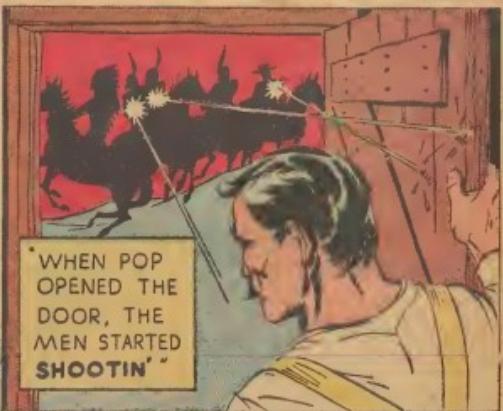
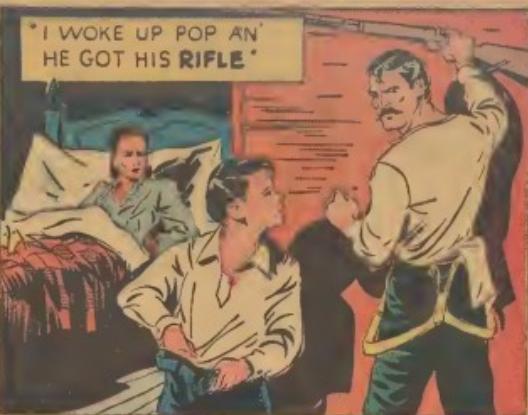
WHY NOT WAIT
TILL LATER TO
TELL THE REST?

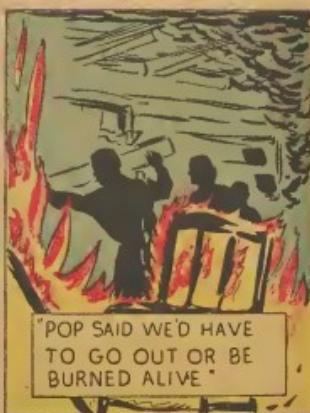
NO! THE SOONER
YOU KNOW, THE
SOONER WE CAN
FIND MY POP!



IT MUSTA BEEN AROUND
MIDNIGHT WHEN I HEARD
HORSES AN GOT OUTA BED TO
LOOK OUT THE WINDOW.





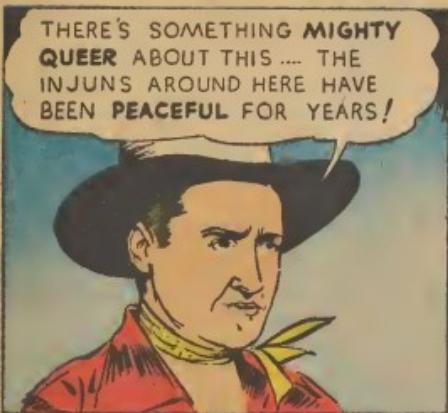




WHEN I GOT HER IN
A SAFE PLACE, THE
RIDERS WERE GOIN'
AWAY WITH POP!"



SO I BURIED MOM
THE BEST I COULD AN'
HID IN THE BRUSH
FIGGERIN' THE MEN
MIGHT COME BACK!



THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY
QUEER ABOUT THIS THE
INJUNS AROUND HERE HAVE
BEEN PEACEFUL FOR YEARS!



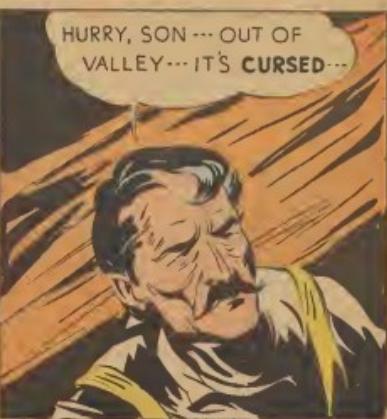
WELL, I KNOW IT WAS INJUNS!
I SAW THEIR FEATHERS AN'
WAR PAINT!



WELL POSTPONE OUR
THINKIN' TILL WE
FIND YOUR DAD!



RECKON WE OUGHTA HEAD
FOR THE DIAMOND-T
FIRST AN' GET WESTY
JONES TO HELP US!





I SAID HE AIN'T HERE ANY MORE. I'M BUCK LOOMIS, THE NEW FOREMAN.

WHERE'S WESTY GONE?



MEBBE THIS'LL GIVE YUH AN' IDEA!



A REWARD POSTER!



I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WESTY'S NO KILLER!

MEBBE NOT.. BUT I SEEN HIM SHOOT UTAH JOE IN THE BACK!



MORE'N LIKELY YOU DID THE SHOOTIN', AN' WESTY SAW IT.. SO YOU FRAMED HIM!





GET MOUNTED FAST, SON
BEFORE MORE O' THEIR
GANG SHOWS UP'



NEXT TIME WE MEET,
STRANGER, YOU'D
BETTER BE FAST,
ON THE DRAW!

I'LL REMEMBER,
LOOMIS!



MEBBE THIS'LL
HELP YOUR
MEMORY!



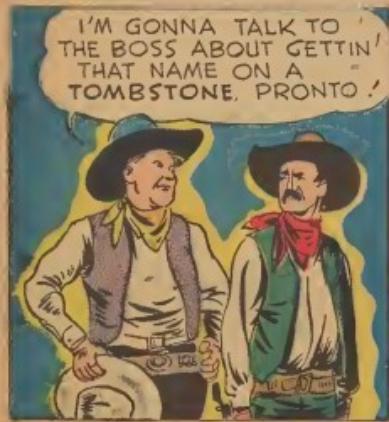
DON'T, TOD,
CHAMP'LL TAKE
CARE OF THEM -



GET 'EM,
CHAMP!







WHEN I SEEN THE NESTER'S KID, I FIGGERED THAT'S WHAT AUTRY COME ABOUT.

IT'S TOO BAD THE FIRE DIDN'T FINISH HIM.



UNTIL WE GET RID OF HIM WE CAN'T FILE ON PRICE'S CLAIM.



I'LL PASS THE WORD ALONG TO SHOOT THE KID ON SIGHT.

MAKE THAT GO FOR AUTRY, TOO!



RIDE TO TOWN AN' TELL THE SHERIFF I'M RAISING THE REWARD FOR WESTY BY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!



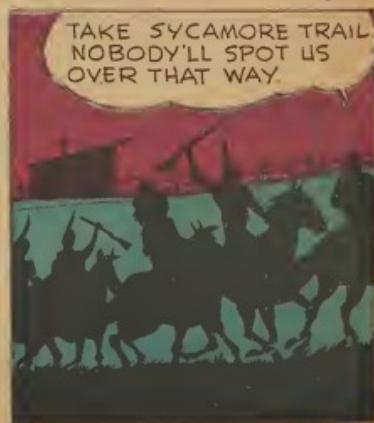
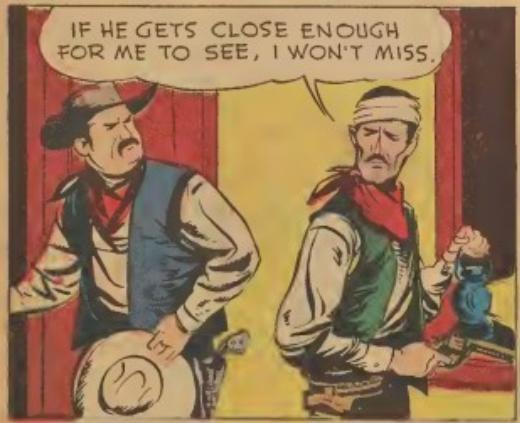
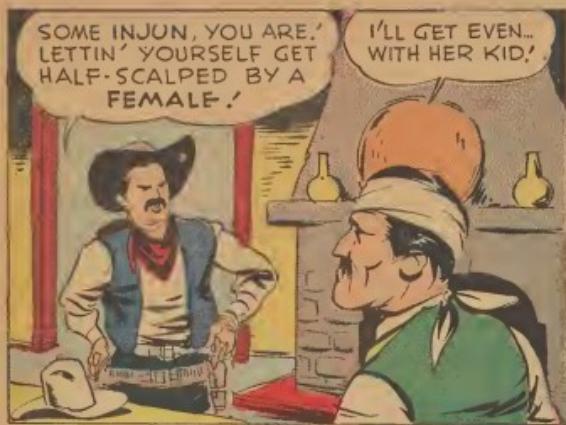
GET BACK BEFORE DARK.
WE'RE CALLIN' ON JOHN SHAW TONIGHT.



HOW'S THE HEAD, LAFE?

AWRIGHT,
THE BULLET ONLY
NICKED MY SCALP.







ARE WE GOIN'
AFTER 'EM,
GENE?

NOT NOW —
I WANT TO CHECK
ON SOMETHING
FIRST.



THIS TRAIL LEADS
TO THE DIAMOND-T.

THAT'S WHY WE'RE
TAKIN' IT.



WAIT FOR ME HERE, TOD.
IF SOMEBODY COMES,
BEAT IT!



THE PLACE IS
DESERTED
ALL RIGHT.



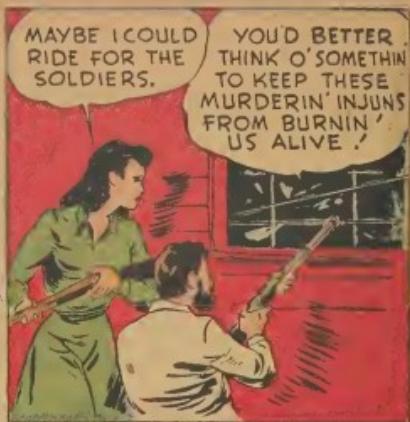
GUESS THEY DIDN'T
EXPECT COMPANY.













CLIMB DOWN, TOD -
QUICK!



YOU GO TO THE RIGHT, TOD, AN'
WHEN YOU HEAR ME YELL,
START SHOOTIN'!



NOT A SIGN OF
THEM, BOSS!



RUN OFF THE STOCK
AN' FIRE THE BARN!

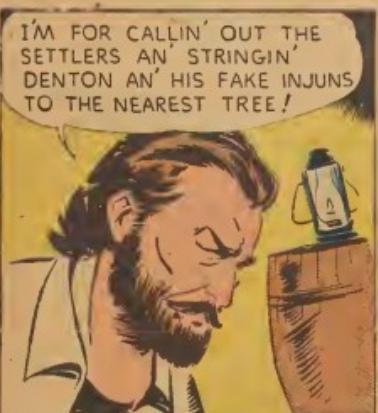
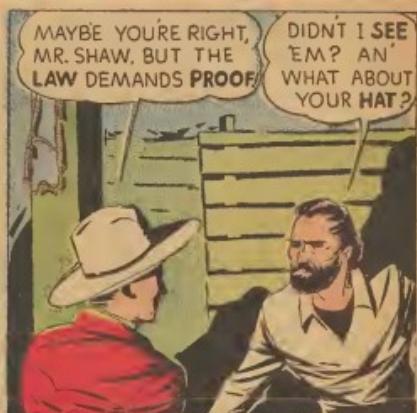


GET THE HORSES OUTA THE
CORRAL! ... AN' I'LL JUST LEAVE
YOUR HAT FOR A CALLING CARD,
MISTER AUTRY!











FUNNY, BAD LUCK
SOMETIMES TURNS
OUT TO BE GOOD!



\$ 1500
REWARD
FOR
WESTY
JONES
MURDERER

DEAD OR ALIVE

ON THE TRAIL
TO SAWTOOTH
RIDGE

WHE-EWI DENTON
MUST BE AFRAID
WESTY KNOWS TOO
MUCH - HE'S RAISED
THE REWARD!

\$1500
REWARD
FOR
WESTY
JONES
MURDERER

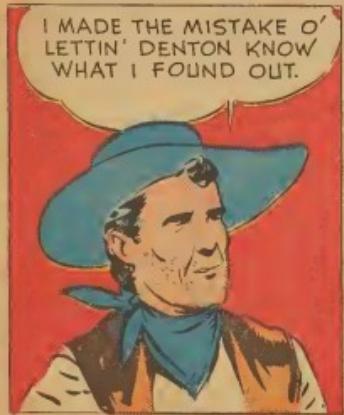
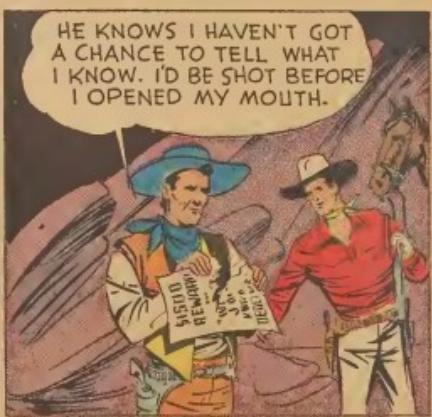
RECKON I'LL TAKE
THIS ALONG AN'
LET WESTY SEE
HOW VALUABLE
HE IS !

TWO HOURS, CHAMP, AN' NOT A
SIGN O' WESTY! MILLY MUST
O' BEEN MISTAKEN!









THEN I SNOOPED AROUND
AN' FOUND AN INJUN OUTFIT
UNDER BUCK'S BUNK.



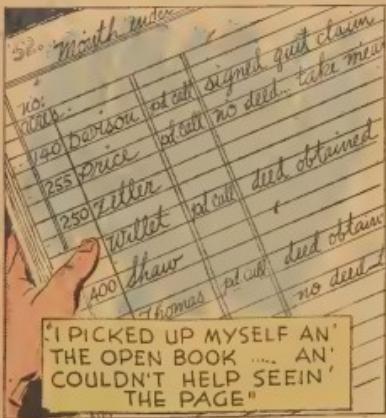
I THOUGHT MAYBE BUCK WAS WORKIN'
ON HIS OWN... BUT WHEN DENTON GOT
SORE I GUessed HE WAS BOSSIN' THE
DIRTY WORK.



"WHEN I HINTED AS MUCH
DENTON TOOK A POKE AT ME



"I FELL AGAINST THE
DESK AN' KNOCKED
OFF A LEDGER...."



DENTON ACCUSED ME O' SEEIN' IT,
BUT I SWORE I DIDN'T.... TO KEEP
FROM GETTIN' SHOT I SAID I'D KEEP
MUM.



THAT NIGHT BUCK SHOT UTAH AN' FRAMED ME....I'VE BEEN HIDING OUT EVER SINCE.



WHERE DOES DENTON KEEP THIS LEDGER ?

IN THE WALL SAFE BEHIND HIS DESK.



RECKON I'LL PAY A RETURN CALL TO THE DIAMOND-T AROUND MIDNIGHT.



TELL BUCK TO RIDE OVER TO SHAW'S AN' CHECK THE ASHES. I WANT TO BE SURE SHAW AND THE GIRL ARE DEAD BEFORE I FILE ON THEIR CLAIM.



MEANTIME, AT THE DIAMOND-T...

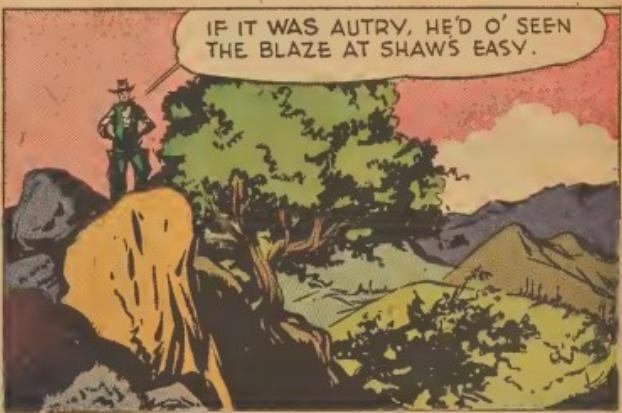
BUCK'S RODE TO TOWN. I'LL GO !



IF YOU SEE THE PRICE KID OR AUTRY, TAKE CARE OF 'EM !

LEAVE IT TO ME.







D RAT THAT KID! I'D A GOT
SHAW IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR HIM!



THAT MAN NEARLY
KILLED YOU!



I MISSED HIM!
DO YOU KNOW
HIM, SON?

SURE... RECKONIZED
HIS HORSE. HE'S THE
INJUN MY MOM SHOT!



HOW DO YOU
KNOW YOU'LL
FIND GENE,
PA?

'CAUSE I
KNOW
ABOUT WHERE
WESTY'S HID!



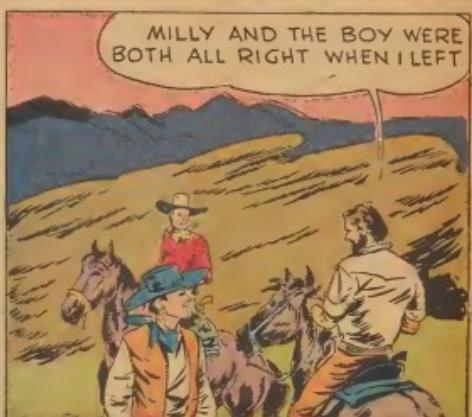
THEM KILLERS'LL BE BACK
PRONTO, AFTER DENTON
HEARS WE'RE STILL ALIVE.

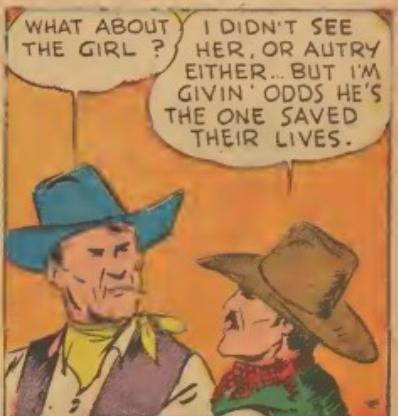
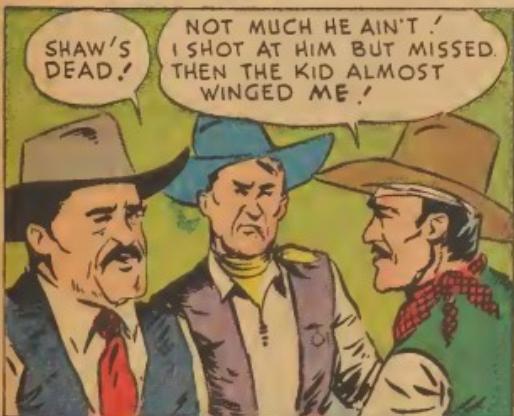
I'LL WATCH
OUT FOR
MISS MILLY!

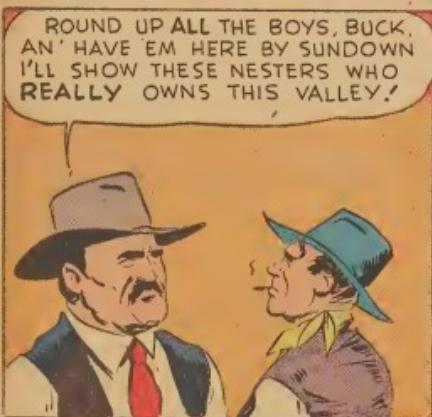
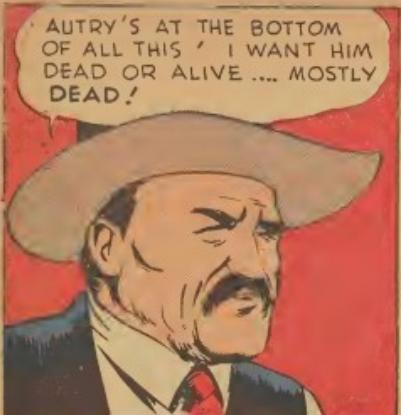


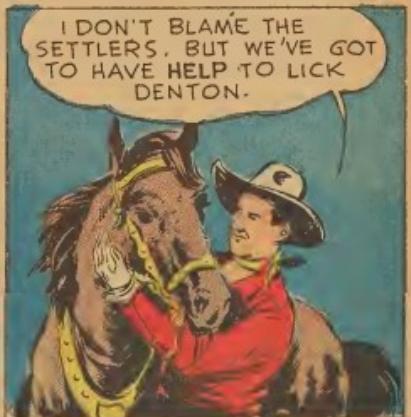
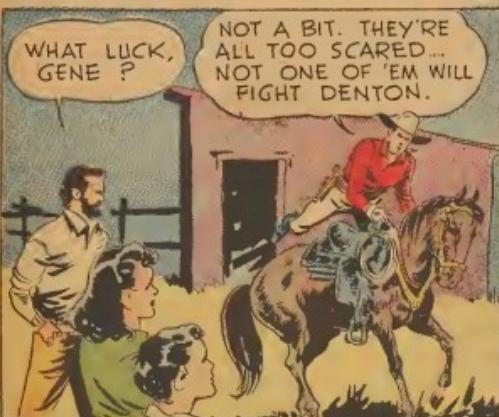
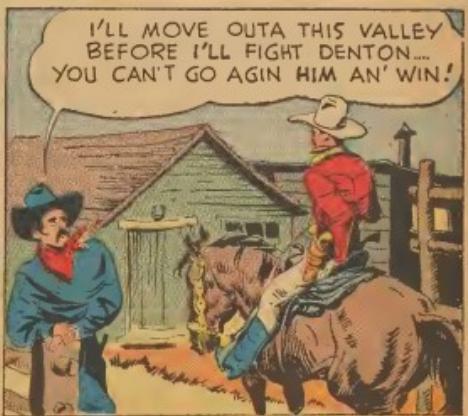
I BETCHA I WON'T MISS
THE NEXT TIME THAT
HOMBRE SHOWS UP!











I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTIN'
DANGED IF I'LL LET THEM FAKE
INDIANS DRIVE ME FROM THIS VALLEY.'



YOU'VE SOLVED THE
PROBLEM, SHAW!
INDIANS!



GET A HORSE, TOD!
YOU'RE RIDIN' FOR WESTY!
TELL HIM TO COME FLYIN'!



I SHOULD BE BACK BY
SUNDOWN. WITH WESTY HERE
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT TILL THEN.



WHAT ARE YOU
GOIN' TO DO?

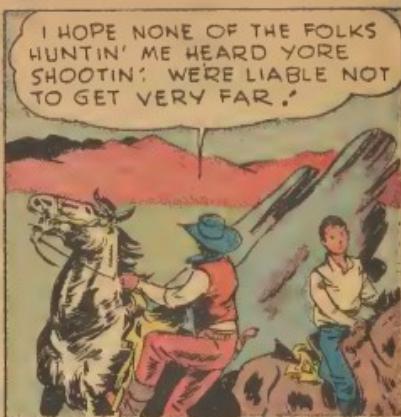
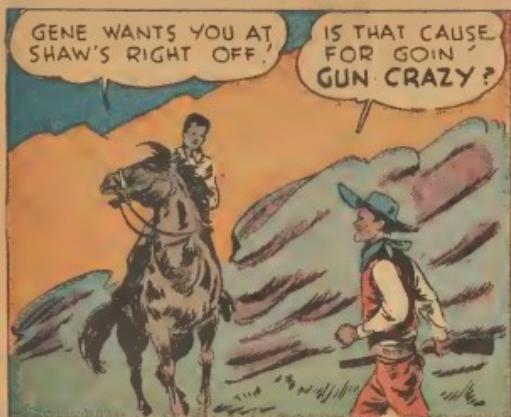
WAIT AN' SEE.
MEANWHILE, TELL TOD
HOW TO GET TO WESTY'S
HIDEOUT.



GIMME A GUN
MR. SHAW IN CASE I
MEET UP WITH ANY
SKUNKS!









IT'S NOT FAR
NOW, CHAMP!



MEANWHILE, GENE
HEADED NORTH
FROM THE VALLEY.

THAT'S THE CAMP
LET'S GO, BOY!



HOWDY, FRIENDS !
TAKE ME TO
YOUR GREAT CHIEF,
GRAY FEATHER.



HOW !
WHAT BRINGS GENE
AUTRY TO THE TENT
OF GRAY FEATHER
AFTER SO MANY MOONS

I NEED
YOUR HELP,
GRAY FEATHER.



ONE TIME GENE AUTRY
HELP INDIAN..... SPEAK,
AND GRAY FEATHER
LISTEN WITH EARS OF
FRIENDSHIP.



AN' THEY'VE BEEN
WEARIN' THE DRESS
OF YOUR TRIBE, SO
YOUR BRAVES WOULD
BE BLAMED FOR
THEIR CRIMES.

ENOUGH!
WE RIDE
WITH YOU.

WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY,
CHIEF, DENTON WILL
STRIKE SOON AFTER
DARK.

AT SUNDOWN

THERE'S
THE VALLEY!

MAYBE DENTON
NOT COME
SHAW TEPEE!

I'M SEEIN'
TO THAT!

RIGHT!
AN' WITH ALL
THE HELP WE
NEED!

IT'S
AUTRY!



WE'LL BACK TRACK, CHAMP,
SO WE'RE NOT SPOTTED TOO SOON.



WAIT HERE,
CHAMP.



THE BOYS'RE
RARIN' TO GO,
BOSS.

WE'LL START AT THE
HEAD OF THE VALLEY,
AN' MAKE A CLEAN
SWEEP!



SHOOT DOWN EVERYBODY
YOU MEET. I'M NOT LEAVIN'
THE SHERIFF ANY WITNESSES!



THE
SPIDER!



THANKS,
DENTON!





TAKE THIS LEDGER
WITH YOU!



WE'LL SPLIT UP RIGHT HERE.
RIDE IN FROM ALL SIDES, SHOOTIN'!!



BLAST 'EM
TO BITS, BOYS!

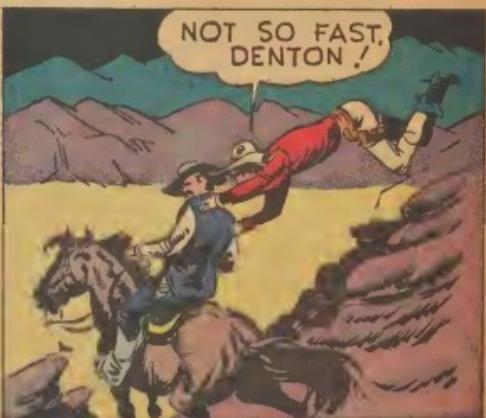


ALL RIGHT!
LET 'EM HAVE IT!



INDIANS!
REAL ONES!







The GHOST of LONE MOUNTAIN



The wind howled down from the mountains, sweeping across the little mining town of Haines Flat like a giant broom, as the two men slid wearily from their horses at the hitching rail in front of the Sly Dog Saloon.

They pushed open the doors, walked into the crowded room, and shouldered their way to the bar. They were a strange-looking pair. One was middle-aged and hawk-faced with grim eyes which moved restlessly around the room. The other was younger, probably in his early twenties, but the fresh youth of his face wore a shadowed, haunted look and there was fear in his eyes.

Suddenly a voice rose above the noisy clamor of the room. The two strangers at the bar turned to look at the speaker, a grizzled, weatherbeaten miner.

"It's this kind of a night when the ghost gits goin' on Lone Mountain," the voice boomed. "Last time I was up Williams' Creek I heerd that ole speerit screamin' an' yellin'. Give me the shivers, it did."

The younger of the two strangers grinned toward the old miner. "So this country's got a ghost, has it?"

The miner nodded solemnly. "Sure has, an' a real one, too. Real enough to keep anybody from strikin' that lost vein up Lone Mountain. Ain't nobody brave enough to stand up agin sich walin'!"

"Well," said the younger man after a long silence, "as sure as my name's Marty Dover, I'd like to meet this ghost. Are you positive there's gold up that way?"

Again the old miner nodded. "Fella come in here coupla years ago with a nugget big as yore fist. Said he got it there. Plenty folks've gone lookin'. Nobody's stayed."

"Well, I'm going!" Marty announced. "And

I'll stay till I find it."

The next morning the strangers started up Lone Mountain trail, pack burros trailing their horses. Haines Flat had learned but little about them. They were partners, Clint Taylor and Marty Dover, but odd partners. They rarely spoke to one another and, when they did, their words were flat and colorless.

"Somethin' mighty unnatcherlal about 'em," the old miner remarked, watching their departure. "Reckon they're queer enough to git along all right with that ghost."

Not until sundown of the second day out did Marty and Clint reach the location where Ike had told them the ghost—and the lost vein—might be found. Marty jumped from his pony

"Looks like a good place to make camp," he said briefly.

Clint climbed, stiff-legged, from his own mount. "Then go ahead and make it."

Marty's eyes narrowed but he said nothing. Instead, he watered ponies and burros, unpacked grub, built a fire and tossed up a lean-to out of sapling boughs and underbrush. He and Clint ate and drank without speaking. Finally Clint broke the silence.

"Be ready to start at sun-up." His voice grated harshly on Marty's ears. "The sooner we strike that gold, the better."

"Maybe there isn't any gold, after all," said Marty. "Maybe it's all just talk."

"You heard what that old miner in Haines Flat said, didn't you?" snarled Clint. "And that old gink of a prospector we met said the same thing, didn't he?" He leered at Marty through the smoke of the campfire. "Or maybe you've forgot that night in Juarez?"

"I wish I could forget it!" Marty exclaimed.

Clint's unpleasant laugh echoed in his ears

long after the fire had died down and the Arizona sky was bright with stars. If only he could get away from that laugh! But only by finding the gold could he do it. Clint had agreed to let him go, when they struck the lost vein. That's why they had come to Haines Flat.

At sun-up the next morning Marty started on his search for the lost vein. From dawn to dark he worked, hoping to find the gold which would mean his freedom from Clint.

Thunderheads, piling up in the west, blotted out the sun earlier than usual a week later, while Marty was panning chippings from an outcropping that "looked good." As he straightened, darkness was well on its way. He lighted his lantern and squinted into the pan.

"Gold!" he gasped. "Honest-to-goodness gold!"

He picked up the lantern and hurried to the place where he had chipped the rock. Yes, gold was there all right, but not in large quantity. This couldn't be the vein the old prospector had meant.

He began to follow the gold traces, difficult to locate in lantern light, and suddenly he realized that he was climbing toward a clump of boulders not far from the mountain's top. Reaching them, he sat down to rest a moment. The storm was nearing and the western sky was bright with streaks of lightning. As a brilliant flash came, Marty gasped.

On the rock wall, which he faced across a five-foot fissure cut deep into the rock of the mountain, he had glimpsed a wide streak of what looked like pure gold ore! Suppressing a wild yell of triumph, he jumped across the fissure, holding the light close to the rock wall.

"Gold! The lost vein!" He did not know he was shouting. He only knew that, at last, he could get rid of Clint.

Then he froze. From behind him came a low, unearthly moan like the wail of a tortured soul. It sent chills up and down his spine and made the roots of his hair prickle. Again came the wailing, louder this time. Then it died away as unexpectedly as it had come.

Marty turned slowly. He didn't believe in ghosts. Something else had made that sound.

"Sol!" Clint's voice rasped out of the darkness, across the wide fissure. "You found the gold!"

In the next lightning flash Marty saw him and saw the gun in his hand. The gun was pointing across the fissure toward his heart.

Clint's harsh voice came again. "But you ain't gonna live to dig it out! An' I got somethin' to tell you. You didn't kill that old man in Juarez. I did! I made you think you was guilty so's you'd come along on this trip an' do all the dirty work. Good joke on you!"

Marty choked. He wasn't guilty of murder! Clint had framed him! That night in Juarez had been such wild confusion. He had fired his gun in self-defense and Clint had told him that his bullet had killed the old man.

"Now I'm gettin' rid o' you!" Clint was yelling. "An' the gold'll be all mine. . . ."

Marty never knew exactly how it happened but, as Clint squeezed the trigger and he dodged, he heard a scraping noise. The next lightning flash showed Clint's agonized face vanishing down the fissure. In the darkness he had stepped over the edge. His scream was drowned out by the wailing of the "ghost," as the wind swept across the peak.

Suddenly Marty knew what the ghost was. It was the wind roaring thru the fissure, and a hundred other fissures that riddled the mountain. That wind made the weird noises, which the miners thought were ghostly voices.

When he got back to Haines Flat with his story of the tragedy and proof of his strike, he found that everyone believed both story and proof, but that no one would believe his explanation of the ghost. And, to this day, old settlers tell of the Wailing Ghost of Lone Mountain that snatched Clint Thompson right out from under his partner's nose!



FAMOUS BUCKING HORSES, NO. 7.

No-name



TILL GOODAN



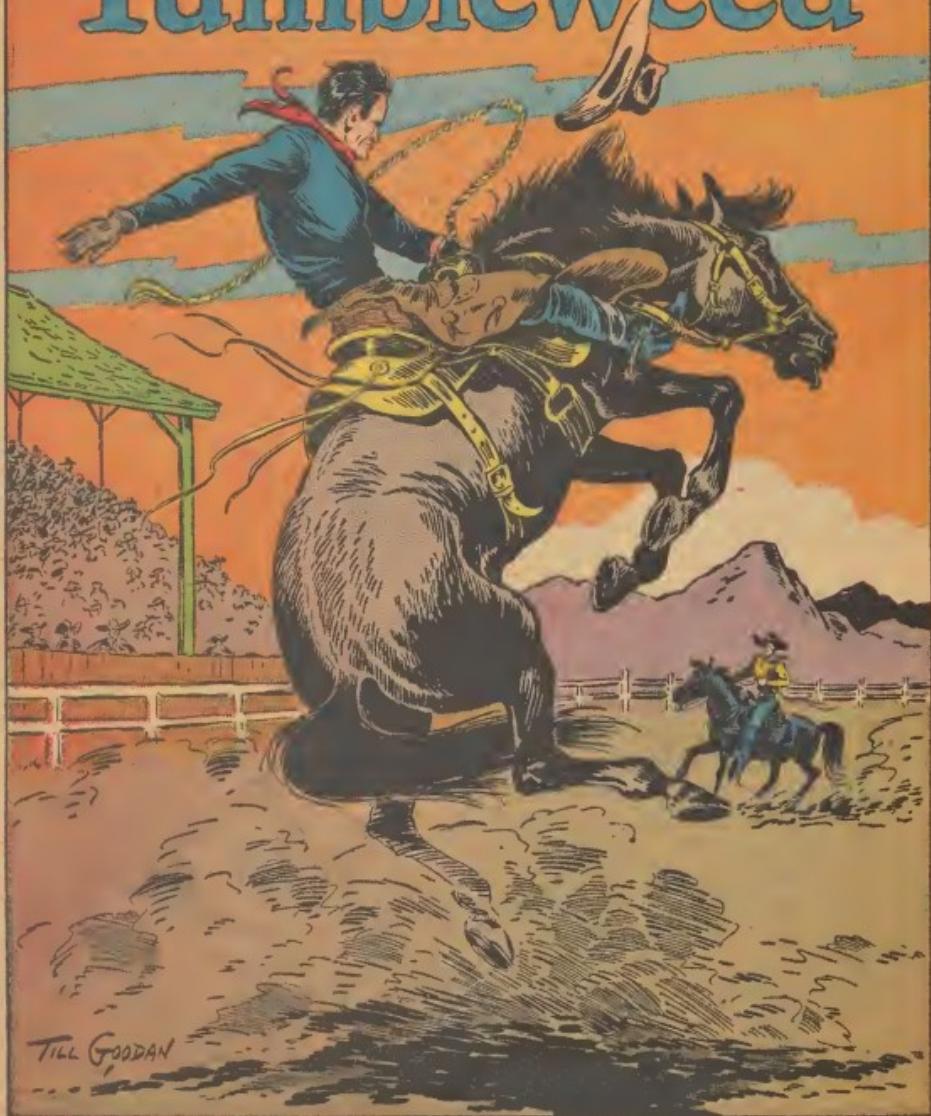
NO-NOME WAS RAISED AROUND GLEASON, ALBERTA. HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AT A MAJOR RODEO WAS AT THE CALGARY STAMPEDE IN 1912. AT DIFFERENT TIMES HE WAS KNOWN AS "FOX" AND "MEDICINE HAT" BUT WHEN THE PENDLETON ROUNDUP ASSOCIATION BOUGHT HIM IN 1917 THEY CHANGED HIS NAME TO "NO-NOME." RECORDS SHOW THAT HE WAS RIDDEN FOR THE FIRST TIME BY EMORY LE GRAND AT HAVRE, MONTANA, IN 1916. YAKIMA CANUTT RODE HIM AT MEDICINE HAT IN 1917 BUT WAS DISQUALIFIED BECAUSE HE LOST ONE OF HIS STIRRUPS, BUT HE WAS NOT BUCKED OFF.



THE STORY IS TOLD OF ONE NOTED "BRONC-TWISTER" WHO MADE THE BOAST THAT "THERE WASN'T A HORSE LIVIN' THAT COULD BUCK HIM OFF." HE ENTERED THE BRONC RIDING-CONTEST AT THE PENDLETON ROUND-UP, DREW NO-NOME, AND RODE HIM LESS THAN TWO JUMPS. NO-NOME WAS RETIRED WHEN HE WAS ABOUT TWENTY YEARS OLD AND AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY WAS HELD AT PENDLETON WHEN HE MADE HIS FAREWELL APPEARANCE.

FAMOUS BUCKING HORSES. NO. 5.

Tumbleweed



TILL GOODAN



ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO WILLIAM S. HART WAS MAKING A PICTURE CALLED "TUMBLEWEEDS." CY. JONES, OF BURBANK, CALIFORNIA, WAS FURNISHING THE LIVESTOCK FOR THIS PICTURE. THE COMPANY WAS ON LOCATION NEAR SANTA SUZANNA PASS. A LOCAL FARMER HAD A WORK HORSE THAT WAS A HARD BUCKER. SEVERAL OF THE COWBOYS TRIED TO RIDE HIM BUT WERE UNSUCCESSFUL. JONES BOUGHT HIM AND NAMED HIM "TUMBLEWEED." JONES LATER SOLD HIM TO THE BAKER RANCH AND HOOT GIBSON BECAME HIS OWNER WHEN HE BOUGHT THE RANCH. FROM 1929 TO 1936, NO COWBOY EVER RODE HIM WITHOUT "PULLING LEATHER." HOOT SOLD HIM TO CUFF BURREL. HE IS NOW OWNED BY GENE AUTRY'S FLYING-A RANCH AND THE LIGHTNING-C RANCH, OF DUBLIN, TEXAS. OLD TUMBLEWEED IS NOW PAST TWENTY YEARS OF AGE BUT STILL MAKES THE BOYS "SET UP AN' RATTLE."



TILL GOODAN

Gold Flash

GOLD FLASH, THE WILD BUCKSKIN COLT, WAS CAUGHT, BRANDED AND GENTLED BY BART WEST. BUT THE FLASH ESCAPED FROM BART'S CORRAL. AFTER A LONG SEARCH, BART FOUND HIM IN POP RADER'S RODEO, WHERE HE WAS KNOWN AS YELLOW FEVER. MUSTANG RUNNERS HAD TRAPPED HIM AND SOLD HIM TO POP. BART DECIDED TO LEAVE HIM IN POP'S BUCKING STRING FOR AWHILE, KNOWING THAT HE WOULD RECEIVE THE BEST OF CARE ...

S'LONG,
FLASH!



I'LL GO BACK AN' GET TH' FLASH SOON AS TH' ROUND-UP'S OVER.



DON'T BE SO SPOOKY, BOY. WELL TAKE GOOD CARE O' YOU WHILE BART'S GONE



NEXT DAY

TH' NEXT RIDER OUT WILL BE BLACKIE BROWN RIDING YELLOW FEVER. WATCH THIS, FOLKS! BLACKIE IS A TOP HAND AND YELLOW FEVER IS TH' GREATEST BUCKIN' HORSE EVER KNOWN!



DON'T OPEN THAT GATE TILL I GET SET GOOD

COME OUT CLAWIN' HIM, BLACKIE!





TH' NEXT EVENT ON TH' PROGRAM WILL BE BRONC RIDIN'. FIRST RIDER OUT WILL BE BOB SCOTT ON YELLOW FEVER. BOB IS A FORMER WORLD'S CHAMPION AN YELLOW FEVER HAS NEVER BEEN RODE!

THE FOLLOWING DAY...



*A WEEK LATER

NEXT WILL BE THE MOST EXCITIN' EVENT OF THE AFTERNOON! JOE KING, RUNNER-UP TO THE WORLD'S CHAMPION, WILL ATTEMPT TO RIDE **YELLOW FEVER**, THE WILDEST BUCKING-HORSE IN RODEO HISTORY! PICK-UP MEN..GET READY!



A MONTH LATER

NOW WE COME TO TH' MAIN EVENT OF TH' AFTERNOON.. **GARY DORN**, CHAMPION BRONC RIDER OF TH' WORLD, WILL RIDE **YELLOW FEVER**, TH' BRONC THAT NOBODY CAN CONQUER!... PICK-UP MEN..WATCH THIS HORSE! HE'S A KILLER!!



TH' FEVER'S DONE IT AGAIN, POP. HE SURE MASHED UP GARY DORN. HE AINT SATISFIED THROWIN'EM. HE WANTS TO KILL 'EM!

AN' REMEMBER, POP, HE MIGHTY NEAR KILLED BOB SCOTT AN' JOE KING AFORE TH' PICK-UP MEN GOT NEAR HIM!

HE'S A SURE 'NOUGH KILLER, POP! NONE O' TH' BOYS'LL WANT TO TRY HIM, NOW THAT HE'S CRIPPLED UP TH' WORLD'S CHAMP! AN' LOOK AT ALL TH' OTHERS HES HURT

I RECKON MEBBE I'D BEST HAVE BART WEST COME AN' GIT HIM.



A FEW DAYS LATER AT BART WEST'S RANCH

A LETTER FOR YOU, BART.



IT'S FROM POP RADER. HE WANTS ME TO COME AN' GET GOLD FLASH. SAYS HE'S TURNED KILLER



I'LL BE LEAVIN' FOR TH' RODEO TOMORROW AT SUN-UP.



NEXT MORNING AT SUN-UP

IT'LL SURE BE GOOD TO SEE TH' FLASH AGAIN.





FUN-SPORT-THRILLS-GAMES

For You To Enjoy!



Only full price

286 Pages—Hundreds of Illustrations—Hard Cover!

ALL THIS IN ONE
MARVELOUS BOOK
18 COMPLETE SECTIONS



A complete course in tactics, blows and strategy to become a skillful boxer!

How To Handle A ROPE Like a Cowboy



A Champion teaches you tricks with a Lariat!

Playing Winning PING-PONG



Lessons on strokes, position, serve, and every element for perfection!

How To Train YOUR DOG



Dogs, their care and training; techniques for teaching obedience and tricks.

It's Fun To BUILD THINGS



Complete plans and directions for making many useful articles!

Building Model PLANES



Full instructions for building a Glider, Solid Model, and Flying Model!

Spelling Planes



Learning to spot and recognize enemy and friendly planes.



The Science of WRESTLING



Wrestle your weight in wrinkles after learning these holds and techniques.

How To Be A Ventriloquist



It's easy to learn to "throw your voice" with these simple instructions.

The Secrets of CARTOONING



8-Lesson Course on Drawing Cartoons, Art, Caricatures & Lettering!

Money-Making Plans



101 Spots and Full Timemoney-making places for every fellow!

Develop Powerful Muscles



Keeping Strong and Healthy plus exercises for developing strength and power!

Tumbling and Acrobatics



A simple program to develop you skill and dexterity in this art!

KNICKERBOCKER PUB. CO.
Dept. B-207

92 Liberty St., New York, N. Y.

Rush me a copy of FUN FOR BOYS, and also include the FREE GAME KIT. I am enclosing \$1.00 in full payment. If it isn't as wonderful and thrilling as I expect it to be—I can return book and get my money back at once.

Name _____

Address _____

City & State _____

Check here if you desire book to come C.O.D. and will pay \$1.20 on delivery. Same money back guarantee.

FREE GAME KIT

TREMENDOUS SURPRISE

With every order, we will include, without extra charge, a complete assortment kit of 15 new and old Games, Tricks, Puzzles! Can be played by 1, 2, 3, 4 or more players. Just the thing for hours and days of enjoyable fun. It is given FREE with every order for FUN FOR BOYS! But Order Now!

Get this JUNIOR AIR RAID WARDEN KIT • READ **FREE** OFFER

Here's an amazing opportunity for every full blooded American boy to prepare himself and his buddies against enemy air attacks. Lots of fun! Exciting! Thrilling! With this special offer you get a complete Junior Air Raid Warden kit and if you act at once, you will receive FREE with your order a heavy carrying case (size 14½" long by 10" high) which is built with compartments to hold each of the many items. Read on and learn how to get yours.

BOYS! BE READY FOR ENEMY AIR ATTACKS

You owe it to your Uncle Sam to know just what to do in the event of an air attack. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit has been devised to enable you to practice and play . . . BUT you learn as you play. You are furnished with a Helmet, First Aid Kit, Bright Metal Badge, Shriek Siren - like Whistle, Junior Arm Band, Identification Cards, Report Sheets, Pencil and Note Book, Gas Mask and Splints. All these items are included so you go through the exciting and thrilling experience while you play of an actual alarm or attack. Everyone of your friends will want to play with you . . . you will become the most popular boy in the block. All of your boy friends will want a kit. Be the first one to proudly wear and use the many articles included in your Junior Air Raid Warden kit . . . and don't forget, if you act at once, you receive FREE of extra cost with your order, the handsome carrying case which has a handle and everything in it, just like the picture of this advertisement.

ALL OF THIS INCLUDED



This Carrying Case
FREE WITH YOUR ORDER



Just What Every American Boy Needs

You no longer need envy your Dad or neighbor when you see them strut the streets with their air raid warden outfits, whistles, bands, hats, etc. This Junior Air Raid Warden kit contains everything to make you look like a real air raid warden . . . but better still is the fun you will get out of playing and practicing. Uncle Sam wants every American boy to know his job in the event of an enemy air attack. You need this outfit to help practice and drill yourself in emergency. You can form Junior Air Raid Warden Clubs and enjoy great thrills in this almost realistic sport. Order your kit today and be the first one in your neighborhood to gain added popularity. All instructions are included.

SEND NO MONEY

Just sign your name and address to the coupon. (Write or print carefully in order to avoid mistakes.) We will ship the complete outfit, including the free carrying case (size 14½" long x 10" high) by return mail. Deposit \$1.68 plus postage, with the postman on arrival but act at once because a limited number are only available at this special introductory price.

KAY NOVELTY CO. Dept. 3105
335 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

RUSH COUPON
NOW!



GUARANTEE—You lose no risk! You must be 100% delighted or you may return within five days for full refund of purchase price.

AIR RAID SHELTER

KAY NOVELTY CO.
Dept. 3105, 335 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Send me one of your thrilling and exciting complete Junior Air Raid Warden Kits by return mail. Also include the heavy Carrying Case (size 14½" L x 10" H) without extra cost. I will pay postage \$1.68, plus postage on arrival. It is understood if I am not 100% delighted I may return within five days and you will refund purchase price.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

NOTE: Only two kits will be delivered to a single customer at this introductory price.

© 1980 DC Comics Inc. All Rights Reserved.

THE TEEN TITANS

Guardian 2000

comicwanderer edit

